

The Silent Banshee

The saddest angel in Heaven is voiceless. Instead of feathers, his wings are made from tattered strips of sackcloth—the fabric of mourning. An unkempt mane of red hair flows from his scalp onto the back of his neck.

Sometimes he appears with a vision of your loved one by his side. He stands close enough that you can see your relative or friend move, breathe, and smile one last time. Like any decent bearer of bad news, he weeps with those who weep. By the time you see your loved one's likeness standing beside him, it is already too late to save them.

To murderers, he appears with a replica of the murder weapon in hand. The killer will usually hallucinate, seeing and feeling blood on his or her hands where there is none.

The silent banshee loves the hearing impaired. He can communicate freely with them, using any and every form of sign language ever devised. He always refers to them as *sister* or *brother*, he always says that he is sorry, and he always means it.

Sometimes he appears without visible wings, holding nothing and doing nothing to draw attention to himself. He only stares in pity because he knows that you already know. He then retires to his Father's house to weep.